# A NEW
# MISCELLANY
## IN
# *VERSE* and *PROSE*.

A NEW

# MISCELLANY

IN

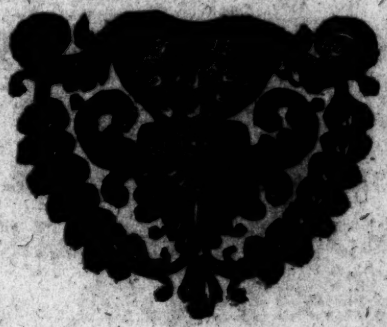
VERSE and PROSE

# A NEW MISCELLANY IN *VERSE* AND *PROSE*.

By *STEPHEN MAXWELL.*

*Bold is the Attempt the Field of Fame to try,*
*But bold Ambition ſprung at firſt from High.*

Prol. to the *Female Fop.*



*YORK*, Printed by JOHN WHITE, for the AUTHOR: Sold by J. OSBORN and T. LONGMAN in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, J. KNAPTON and W. INNYS in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, *London*; and by J. HILDYARD, Bookſeller in *York*. MDCCXXXII.

[ Price Two Shillings. ]

BRITISH MUSEUM

1910.
4.
9
44

TO THE

# READER.

IX'D in a *Northern* Clime, remote from Court,
(The Court where all the Fair, the Gay, reſort)
That Scene of Pleaſure, and that Source of Fame;
Ambition's Mart, and Avarice's Aim;
Where *Britiſh* Heroes the great Scene adorn,
And ſhine with Trophies from the Vanquiſh'd torn,
The Ornament and Safeguard of the Throne.
There future Chiefs by Love of Glory fir'd,
And by their Anceſtors great Deeds inſpir'd,
Deſpiſe all Danger, proud in Arms to ſhine,
And ſtretch the *Britiſh* Fame through ev'ry Clime;
There the gay Circle with a ſweet Surprize,
(Joy of all Hearts, and Dotage of all Eyes)

Such

Such Bliſs Extatic does to All impart,
As warms to Rapture e'en the coldeſt Heart.
Variety of Theams may there be found,
Worthy their Pens who've reach'd the higheſt Round,
The ſlipp'ry ſteep Aſcent of 'luring Fame,
And fix'd to Ages hence a laſting Name.
But ſuch Attempts let happier Bards purſue,
Bards who, by Fortune favour'd, daily view
The great Originals, from thence may trace
The Patriot's Actions, and *Selinda*'s Grace;
Confin'd to humbler Flights, I keep my Muſe,
Afraid the dang'rous tow'ring Height to uſe.
Let laurell'd *C*——*r* ſtrike the ſounding Lyre,
And *Phebus* ſure will his own Prieſt inſpire;
He, in the very Scene of Action plac'd,
Can't want Materials fit to ſuit each Taſte;
He beſt may trace the Mazes of the Fair,
The Stateſman's ard'ous Task, and vig'lant Care;
Praiſe lucky Schemes, which with Succeſs are crown'd,
With Pleaſure dwell on Virtues which abound
In Patriots Breaſts, which here are ſeldom found:

For

For Diſtance, and a Want of clearer Light,
Hides Thouſand pleaſing Objects from our Sight;
Ten thouſand novel Tales that Place affords,
Of blooming, melting Beauties, amorous Lords;
Of Wives who marry but to live at large;
Of Rakes, who run in Debt, Debts to diſcharge;
There Follies ſhoot, and Vices flouriſh there,
Which, if attended with the niceſt Care,
You'd pine and ſicken in our *Northern* Air.
By Chance tranſplanted to a friendlier Soil,
A Fop is rear'd, our rugged Clime wou'd ſpoil,
Who ſhrinks with Horrour, if He but behold
His Fields paternal, feel the healthful Cold
Of His chill Climate, ſhuns with niceſt Care
All barb'rous Buſineſs, and His native Air;
Sickens to trudge along the beaten Road,
His worthy Anceſtors before Him trod:
Yet tho', by Chance, ſuch Perſons may be found,
With ſuch choice Spirits We don't here abound;
Then wonder not to find the humble Muſe
Shun ſuch a Task as Prudence muſt refuſe,
And none but the beſt Poet ought to chooſe.

The

York, *July* 21ſt, 1732.

# The CONTENTS.


A N *Ode for the New Year.* Page

*The Fate of* Sejanus. *An Hiſtorical Poem.* p.

*The Hypocrites.* p. 1

*A Meditation on the Death of* CHRIST. p. 2

*To the Earl of* BURLINGTON, *on laying the Foundation of a Building now erecting at* York. p. 2

*The Fable of the Wolf and Crane applied.* p. 2

*An Alluſion.* p. 2

*An Ode to the Night.* p. 2

*The Pregnant Maid. A Tale.* p. 3

*An Epiſtle to* Cælia. p. 3

*A Specimen of the Plagues of Poverty.* p. 4

*The Diſcovery.* p. 4

*The Converſation.* p. 5

*The Parallel.* p. 5

*On Detraction, Pride, and Paſſion.* p. 6


A New

# A New MISCELLANY.

## *An* ODE *for the* NEW YEAR, *Inſcrib'd to a* LADY.

*CALLIOPE*, Thy Votary deign to Aid,
And tho' with *Aganippes* Spring unbleſs'd;
The various Seaſons in my Verſe diſplay'd,
Shall ſhew bald Winter wanton Summer dreſs'd,
All the Charms that Nature yields,
Sunny Hours, and gaudy Fields,
Perfum'd Banks, and blooming Sprays,
Bleſs'd with *Philomel*'s ſweet Lays,

Ripen'd Fruit and bending Corn,
Lowing Herds, the merry Horn,
Charms to warm the Winter's Cold,
Glads the Heart of Young and Old,
And makes e'en Cowards in the Chaſe grow bold.

Might I preſume you wou'd approve the Lays,
To Heights unus'd the ambitious Muſe ſhou'd riſe,
Smit with the Hopes of Fame, and fir'd with Praiſe,
The lowly Path I henceforth wou'd deſpiſe.
*Scamander*'s Stream, *Ida*'s Grove,
Sacred both to Verſe and Love,
*Cyprian* Queen, and *Paphian* Court,
Where the Graces all reſort.
*Eurota*'s ſhady Banks, and Stream,
Laurels, Myrtles ever green,
Silver Waters which do glide,
Free from Winds, unfoul'd with Tides,
Nor ought within it's limpid Boſom hides.

All theſe ſhou'd be my Theam; but blooming *May*
Appears in all her glittering Pomp and Pride,

Pro

Profuſely deck'd with Sweets, wantonly gay,
And does the legendary Tale deride.
Refreſhing Odours waft around,
Flowers of Velvet paint the Ground,
Breezes which they have but feign'd,
Bleſſings which they never nam'd,
All around us ſweetly ſmiles,
Happy *Britain* Queen of Iſles;
Health on balmy Wings now flies
I'th'Air, from Earth it does ariſe,
Diſtill'd again from the indulgent Skies.

The Dog-Star's raging Heat we never mourn,
Our happy Fields a temperate Climate chears;
Nor know we ought of rough *Orion*'s Storm,
Or dread the bluſt'ring Sign when it appears.
*Ceres* ſmiles in all our Fields,
Kind *Vertumnus* Plenty yields,
*Boreas* ſpends his Rage in vain,
We deſpiſe the ſlender Chain,
Tho' he ſometimes binds the Floods,
Tho' he ſometimes loads the Woods,

Ripen'd Fruit and bending Corn,
Lowing Herds, the merry Horn,
Charms to warm the Winter's Cold,
Glads the Heart of Young and Old,
And makes e'en Cowards in the Chaſe grow bold.

Might I preſume you wou'd approve the Lays,
To Heights unus'd the ambitious Muſe ſhou'd riſe,
Smit with the Hopes of Fame, and fir'd with Praiſe,
The lowly Path I henceforth wou'd deſpiſe.
*Scamander*'s Stream, *Ida*'s Grove,
Sacred both to Verſe and Love,
*Cyprian* Queen, and *Paphian* Court,
Where the Graces all reſort.
*Eurota*'s ſhady Banks, and Stream,
Laurels, Myrtles ever green,
Silver Waters which do glide,
Free from Winds, unfoul'd with Tides,
Nor ought within it's limpid Boſom hides.

All theſe ſhou'd be my Theam; but blooming *May*
Appears in all her glittering Pomp and Pride,

Pro

Profuſely deck'd with Sweets, wantonly gay,
And does the legendary Tale deride.
Refreſhing Odours waft around,
Flowers of Velvet paint the Ground,
Breezes which they have but feign'd,
Bleſſings which they never nam'd,
All around us ſweetly ſmiles,
Happy *Britain* Queen of Iſles;
Health on balmy Wings now flies
I' th' Air, from Earth it does ariſe,
Diſtill'd again from the indulgent Skies.

The Dog-Star's raging Heat we never mourn,
Our happy Fields a temperate Climate chears;
Nor know we ought of rough *Orion*'s Storm,
Or dread the bluſt'ring Sign when it appears.
*Ceres* ſmiles in all our Fields,
Kind *Vertumnus* Plenty yields,
*Boreas* ſpends his Rage in vain,
We deſpiſe the ſlender Chain,
Tho' he ſometimes binds the Floods,
Tho' he ſometimes loads the Woods,

Tho' we glaſſy Plains may know,
Yet thoſe Plagues of Froſt and Snow,
We're Strangers to, which ſome Lands undergo.

The coming Year *Favonius* kindly treat,
The infant Spring with Care indulgent chear;
Gently infuſe the vivifying Heat,
And all her thouſand Graces ſhall appear.
*Flora* waits thy quick'ning Breeze,
To paint her Flow'rs, cloath her Trees;
*Aquarius* prepares to pour
The collected genial Shower,
*Faunus* hopes for leafy Glades,
Flow'ry Carpets, verdant Shades,
Shepherds take their Oaten Reeds,
Tune thoſe Lays were wont to heed,
When *Daphne* charm'd, and Flocks at large did feed.

May He whom wild tempeſtuous Seas obey,
Who can with Eaſe curb the licentious Wind,
The ponderous Mountains in a Ballance weigh,
And Snow and Hail and fiery Tempeſts bind;

Sourc

Source of all that Nature yields,
Who adorns the Woods and Fields,
All the Sweets of Life beſtow,
All that Mortals bleſs below,
Mind ſerene, and roſy Health,
That ineſtimable Wealth,
Which can e'en Misfortune drown,
Which does even Pleaſure crown,
And makes the nauſeous Dregs of Life go ſmoothly down.

---

## *The* FATE *of* SEJANUS.

### *An Hiſtorical* POEM.

WHEN great *Auguſtus*, (in whoſe happy Reign
Encourag'd Vertue found a juſt Eſteem,
Each peaceful Art the harraſs'd Country bleſs'd,
And the contending World was then at Reſt)
Reſigned to Fate, and left theſe mean Abodes,
To ſhine 'mongſt Stars, and mingle with the Gods,
*Tiberius* next the *Roman* Empire ſway'd,
And Half the conquer'd World his Power obey'd.

'Twas

'Twas then *Sejanus* ſhone in ſuch a Height,
He rather ſeem'd to rule, than ſerve the State.
By Arts he 'roſe, ſuch as vile Stateſmen uſe,
Who dare their delegated Power abuſe.
Well skill'd in Cunning, a mean ſordid Art,
A Stateſman's Head without a Patriot's Heart;
Ungrateful, Avaricious, Proud, and Vain,
His Country's Scandal, Curſe, and greateſt Bane;
Saucy in Power, yet meanly cou'd deſcend
To flatter what he ſcorn'd, to ſerve an End.
By Inſolence of Power at laſt betray'd,
H' aſſum'd thoſe Honours *Rome* her Emp'rors paid.
Yet if you trace from whence the Monſter 'roſe,
In *Caius*'s Service firſt he did diſcloſe
Thoſe ſhining Parts, which trampled on the Laws,
His menial Drudge, then from the vile Embrace
Of loath'd *Apicius* he aſpir'd to Place,
To Title, and Command, and ſeem'd to hide
His Head in Clouds, and *Cæſar*'s Power deride.
Whilſt Dignities were all at his Command,
Centurions, Tribunes, Rulers of the Land,
Prætors, and Conſuls, all that heretofore,
*Rome*'s general Suffrages gave, were now no more

Ver-

Vertue's Reward, engulph'd in Him did lye,
From Him did flow; the Noble and moſt High,
Who e'er his Favour hop'd, or fond to riſe,
Did offer Him the ſordid Sacrifice
Of Knees and Cringes, then He wou'd do more
Than Heaven for coſtlieſt Offerings they cou'd pour
Upon its Altars, tho' Incence did riſe
In Clouds of fragrant Smoak to chear the Skies.
But when provok'd the felleſt Furies Rage
Was not ſo dreadful, eaſier to aſſwage.
The choiceſt Rarities the World did yield
His Houſe receiv'd, ſuch Structures did He build
As *Rome* ne'er boaſted; there the coſtly Feaſt
Surpaſs'd the Luxury of the wanton *Eaſt*;
Where 'midſt his Creatures, He, profuſely vain,
Shew'd his high State, and did of Toils complain
He ne'er ſuſtain'd, whilſt from the flatt'ring Board
The arrogant Aſpirer's deem'd a God.
Thither the Indigent, the Baſe, reſort
To mend their Fortunes, pay their ſuppliant Court
To this *Colloſſus* of the *Roman* State,
This haughty Arbiter of Power and Fate,

There

There Painting, Carving, with each other vie,
The Golden Arraſs, and the *Tyrian* Dye;
The maſſy Plate, the guilded Roofs declare
The glorious Robber of the State liv'd there.
For tho' his Av'rice was without Excuſe,
His Vanity oft made Him ſo profuſe,
To gain Dependants of his haughty Sway,
He'd ſquander Millions of *Rome*'s Wealth away.

Amidſt theſe Thoughts which Vanity inſpir'd,
Fond *Livia*'s Charms the amorous Dotard fir'd,
Whilſt round his Neck the noble Strumpet hung,
And ſoothing Blandiſhments flow'd from her Tongu
Whilſt 'midſt their guilty Joys, they lay diſſolv'd,
The Life of noble *Druſus* was reſolv'd
No Fear of Interruption hence ſhou'd give,
Why ſhou'd the dull, the honeſt, Husband live?
The Eunuch *Lygdas*, *Druſus*'s truſted Slave,
By them ſeduc'd, the deadly Poiſon gave,
Which ſoon the noble Parts of Life o'ercame,
And left the guilty Pair to enjoy their Shame.
O *Druſus!* Thou deſerv'd a nobler Fate,
Thou Hope and Glory of the ſinking State.

But who's ſecure againſt the treach'rous Wiles
Of faithleſs Friendſhip, and a Wanton's Smiles.
The Snares of Death their Ways encompaſs round,
And Health in Poiſon may as ſoon be found,
As Faith, where Vice bears ſuch Tyrannick Sway,
And Reaſon Head-ſtrong Paſſion does obey.

Succeſsful thus in every daring Crime,
He in the Zenith of his Power did ſhine,
And ſeem'd to rival his great Maſter's Fame,
Nay, dim his Glories in a brighter Flame.
Yet Fear, the Villain's Curſe, his conſtant Gueſt,
Kept full awake the Tortures of his Breaſt,
And chas'd away the Charms of peaceful Reſt.
Afraid of what he had already done,
His Crimes ſuggeſt he ſhou'd puſh farther on,
And, to prevent Diſcovery, ſtop at none.
The Royal Race he views with baleful Eyes,
Afraid the hopeful Heroes ſoon wou'd riſe
Above his Reach, therefore weak *Cæſar*'s Mind
By ſtrong Inſinuations he inclin'd
To ſtrike at Thoſe, who, faithful to their Truſt,
Dar'd to be honeſt, ſcorn'd to be unjuſt.

*Cremutius Cordus* he who Annals writ,
With *Cato*'s Spirit, and with *Tully*'s Wit;
He views with ſpiteful and malignant Eyes,
And ſees his own in Others Crimes ariſe.
Why ſhou'd the medling Author dare to trace
The Crimes and Vertues of the *Roman* Race;
And by bold Parallels inform Mankind,
When Stateſmens Actions were to Ill inclin'd.
The Accuſation Conſul *Varro* gave,
To proud *Sejanus*, a moſt abject Slave;
*Affer* the Lawyer, one whoſe venal Tongue
For Fees wou'd vindicate, or right or wrong,
Was next employ'd ſtrange Inf'rences to draw,
And hunt him through the Windings of the Law.
And though his juſt Defence was ſtrong and clear
Enough to make his Innocence appear;
Yet what does Innocence alone avail?
Whene'er did ſhe 'gainſt haughty Power prevail?
His Books, as Libels, are condemn'd to th' Flames
'Cauſe *Brutus*, *Caſſius*, and thoſe honour'd Names
Adorn'd the Work, whoſe well-deſerved Praiſe
Seem'd to reflect on thoſe inglorious Days.

Thoſe corrupt Times cou'd not endure the Teſt
Of ſuch bold Vertues, Shades for ever bleſs'd;
Who bravely taught the World they'd better die,
Than hold with Life precarious Liberty,
Tho' guilded o'er with Power and Dignity.

Again the Tools of State muſt be employ'd,
Nor Reſpite have, 'till *Sillius* be deſtroy'd:
*Piſo* and *Varro* with their bloody Tongues
Convert his worthieſt Acts to vileſt Wrongs.
Tho' the ſtout *German*, and the blue-ey'd *Gaul*,
The curl'd *Sicambrian*, did inglorious fall
Before his conqu'ring Eagles, and the Wars,
Was made more honourable by the Scars,
He then not vainly ſhew'd, yet he's accus'd,
Seditiouſly his high Command t'have us'd.
Enrag'd at this Pretence, the gallant Chief
Diſdain'd their Power, and ſought in Death Relief.
By his own Sword the noble *Roman* dy'd,
And ſmil'd in Death, and *Cæſar*'s Pow'r defy'd.

Amidſt this ſeeming Flow of good Succeſs,
His mean Suſpicions, and his Fears confeſs

The Guilty ne'er from torturing Thoughts are free,
Nor taſte the Sweets of true Felicity.
In monſt'rous Shapes he ſees big Dangers riſe,
And Fate tremenduous ſtrikes upon his Eyes,
Wild Terror fill'd his Soul with ſtrange Amaze,
And uncontroll'd its 'vengful Power diſplays.
State-Spies, Informers, Vermin of a Court,
Encourag'd now in num'rous Shoals reſort
To th' great Man's Levee, whence inſtructed they
Prepare with Speed his Orders to obey.
Some, *Agrippinas* Secrets to explore,
Friendſhip pretend, rail at *Sejanus* Power;
In Hopes from her, or from her faithful Train,
Strangers to dark Deceit, they might obtain
Matter of Information, thence to draw
Their Lives within the Pounces of the Law.
*Latiaris*, Chief of theſe accurſed Fiends,
On free *Sabinus* gain'd his wicked Ends,
By ſeeming Pity, wrought him to complain
Of Wrongs ſuſtain'd, of violated Fame,
Of ill-conducted Power, of publick Fraud,
Of ſervile Courtiers, threaten'd, brib'd, or aw'd,
Which Freedom *Latiaris* ſeem'd to applaud.

But quickly to his Villain-Patron flies,
Accuſer turns, and poor *Sabinus* dies.

At *Caprea* now the idle Monarch lay,
In Riot ſpent the Night, unactively the Day,
And, amidſt Pleaſures, trifl'd Life away.
Whilſt proud *Sejanus*, whoſe aſpiring Mind
No Favours cou'd reſtrain, no Duty bind;
Vex'd that his haughty Suit ſhou'd be deny'd,
When he requeſted *Livia* for his Bride,
Reſolv'd to reach of Power the topmoſt Round,
Or the whole Order of the State confound.
But whilſt he vainly thought himſelf ſecure,
*Macro*, a Spy upon his ſwelling Pow'r,
Inſtructed by *Tiberius*, does inform
The wary Emperor of th' impending Storm.
Who in the Majeſty of *Rome* array'd,
The trembling guilty Rebel ſoon diſmay'd.

So the bold *Titans* thinking lazy *Jove*
Roll'd on the Years 'midſt Luxury and Love;
Lifted their impious Thoughts, and Arms on High,
And dar'd to attack the Ruler of the Skie;

The

The Mountain-pile, their Arms they now prepare,
When *Jove* 'roſe terrible to meet the War,
And hurl'd the avenging Thunder-Bolt from far.
Transfix'd to th' Earth lay the rebellious Race,
And *Jove* again reſum'd his proper Place,
More honour'd, and adorn'd in their Diſgrace.

*Sejanus* vex'd to ſee his Power decreaſe,
By Sacrifice, thought Fortune to appeaſe.
Commands the *Flamens* with the niceſt Care,
That they the due Oblation ſtreight prepare;
Milk, Honey, Gums are on the Altar plac'd,
The ſacred Rites with ſolemn Muſick grac'd.
The Invocation thus the *Flamens* make,
Great Mother-Fortune, Queen of human State,
Directreſs of our Actions, Arbitreſs of Fate,
To whom all Sway, all Power, all Empire bows,
Be preſent, and propitious to our Vows.
Then Poppy Branches, and the kindl'd Gum
Plac'd in the Cenſer, Fume around the Room.
When lo! amaz'd they ſee with great Surprize,
The averſe Goddeſs turn away her Eyes,
And all the ill-meant Mockery deſpiſe.

Enrag'd

Enrag'd at the bad Omen now he flies,
To ſcurrile Taunts, and wild Impieties.
When poor *Terentius* enters in a Fright,
And tremblingly relates a ſhocking Sight;
His Statue, which i'th' Capitol was plac'd,
And had been long with ſacred Honours grac'd,
Sent forth a Pitchy Smoak, which did amaze
All thoſe on the ſurpriſing Wonder gaze.
Now quite deſpairing, thinking all Means vain,
His tott'ring, ſinking, Grandeur to maintain,
The Power of Heaven he impiouſly defies,
And crowns his Crimes with bold Impieties.
On then my Soul, accompliſh thy Deſire,
Tho' Hell belch Sulphur, and the Heavens ſpout Fire;
Betwixt my Power and Theirs there is no Odds,
'Twas only Fear firſt in the World made Gods,
The Monſter ſaid, when, lo! his Fate is nigh,
And he's cloſe preſs'd by Death and Infamy,
Abject, unman'd, he meanly met his Fate,
Nor found Support from all his former State.

So *Wolſey* once, (*Sejanus's* we've had,
To plague this Iſle ambitiouſly mad,)

Giddy

Giddy with Honours, which his ill pois'd Mind,
Cou'd not ſupport, to this Diſeaſe inclin'd.
Doz'd with theſe Charms the Purpled Villain lay,
Whilſt Death ſtalk'd frightfully a-croſs his Way;
Then mean Submiſſion, and pale haggard Fear,
Offſprings of Guilt, his ſordid Mind did tear.
Rouz'd all his Crimes, each Action ſtood confeſs'd,
Nor one was to be found on which to reſt.
In that great Day of Trial all declare
His Guilt, and thunder in his frighten'd Ear,
Die, Monſter, and of future Bliſs deſpair.
The harraſs'd *Roman* State, the Hangman freed,
And juſtly made the bloated Monſter bleed.
No Funeral-Rites, no Trophies were diſplay'd,
No *Requiems* ſung to his inglorious Shade.
His mangl'd Limbs no Sepulchre cou'd find,
But lay to rot i'th' Sun, or bleach i'th' Wind.
His never-dying Fame informs Mankind,
What every wicked Stateſman ought to find.

Thus periſh All, who for a private End,
From the bright Path of Honour dare deſcend;

Eterna

ternal Infamy point out their Crimes,
o warn the Stateſmen of ſucceeding Times;
hat to themſelves, what they their Country owe,
hat ſolid Bliſs from vertuous Actions flow;
hat laſting Honours conſecrate his Name,
ho only emulous for an honeſt Fame,
es make his Country's Weal his only Aim.

---

## *The* HYPOCRITES.

WHEN *Delia*'s Chaſtity I hear the Theam,
Of laviſh Praiſe, I wonder, think I dream,
or know to 'count for the deluſive Guiſe,
hich e'en of Malice cheats the piercing Eyes;
cks up the buſy Tongue of Slander faſt,
d throws a Veil o'er every Action paſt;
at knew I not each winding of her Heart,
hich, *Proteus* like, ſhe can diſguiſe with Art,
ou'd with reſt o'th' World declare her free
om every Crime, and all Impurity;
es fill'd with burning Luſt now only move
the ſoft Blandiſhments of honeſt Love:

But when I hear her guilty Self-declaim,
'Gainſt Vices ſhe pretends ſhe hates to name,
Remembrance points the Strumpet to my Eyes,
And all her Crimes in ſtrongeſt Colours riſe;
And Spite of all the Artifice and Cheat
She was a Strumpet, is a Strumpet yet,

When *Clodius*, now in every Crime grown old,
Dares to be ſo impenitently bold,
With Crimes encompaſs'd, as it were a Cloud,
As think pretended Piety will ſhroud
His foul Offences, that they ne'er ſhall riſe
To that Tribunal, to thoſe ſearching Eyes,
Which Darkneſs cannot hide, Diſtance evade,
To whom each ſecret Thought is open laid,
And ſtill with greedy Pleaſure to deſtroy,
To feaſt on Ruin, and with barbarous Joy
From Fraud to Rapine eagerly to run,
And triumph o'er the Wretches he's undone.
What tho' with ſpecious Shew he cheat the Croud
And in the Praiſe of Honeſty is loud,
All the weak Artifice he tries in vain,
His cruel and unſated Thirſt of Gain

Beſpeaks a Wolf beneath the harmleſs Fleece,
And bids us ſhun him tho' his Words ſound Peace.
Snares, Death, and Ruin cover o'er his Ways,
And whilſt he Hail's he ſecretly betrays.
With monſtrous Bulk, and with gigantick Pride,—
Vice meaſures o'er whole Nations at a Stride,
Her Enſigns rears, her Trophies does diſplay,
In open View and the full Face of Day,
As if there were no Thunder left on high,
Or ſlept the awful Ruler of the Skie;
Yet does no Secret dread for Guilt or Shame,
Invade the Villain's Breaſt, their Crimes arraign,
And rouſe the gnawing Worm with ever-during Pain.
What tho' the Heavens and Earth ſhall paſs away,
And Time and Seaſons undiſtinguiſh'd lay;
Yet the Eternal Juſtice ſhall abide,
When Seas can't cover, Mountains cannot hide;
Then every Fraud and Artifice in vain
Shall prove to elude the everlaſting Pain,
Each Crime in glaring Characters ſhall riſe,
And pierce the Soul, and pain the aking Eyes.

Whilſt paſt Offences they in vain deplore,
In vain the Mercy they abus'd implore,
For Mercy's now as deaf as they have been before.

---

## *A Meditation on the Death of* CHRIST

THY humble Birth did Love ſo great unfol
It claim'd, bleſs'd Lord! my higheſt Praiſ
Yet greater Wonders do remain untold,
Which thy whole Life and cruel Death diſplays.

What's Man, O GOD! that ſuch exceeding Woe
Is for him felt, ſuch precious Ranſom given;
What's Man! that won't his loathſome Sin forgoe,
Tho' brib'd to Happineſs by ſuffering Heaven.

Behold, my Soul, the Majeſty from high
Shrouded in Woes, oppreſs'd with piercing Grief
Loaded with bitter Sufferings willing dye,
For thy offending forfeit Soul's Relief.

Wha

What tho' the Circumſtances of His Birth
Will not thy outmoſt Reverence engage,
Nor yet His weary Pilgrimage on Earth,
'Midſt the reviling Inſults of that Age.

---

Yet when thou do'ſt direct thy Sight on High,
And ſeeſt the very GOD of Nature there,
In Pains extream, amidſt Convulſions lye,
Thou muſt diſſolve in Extaſie and Prayer.

And lo! the Soul it's tortur'd Manſion leaves,
The Temple rends, and Darkneſs round is ſpread;
Wild Tempeſts rage, whole Nature's ſhock'd, Earth cleaves,
And trembling Graves reſign the awaken'd Dead.

'Tis paſt, and Heaven's high Wrath is now appeas'd,
Much milder Terms His Mercy does propoſe;
Man from unſinning Duty now is eas'd,
And Bliſs conferr'd by eaſier, gentler Laws.

O Gracious GOD of Truth direct my Ways,
Inſpire my Mind, and lead my Steps aright,
Prevent irreverent Thoughts, regard my Praiſe,
And bleſs me, LORD, for ever with thy Sight.

---

## *To the Earl of* BURLINGTON, *on Laying the Foundation of a Building now Erecting at* YORK.

O *BURLINGTON!* whoſe noble Genius fraught,
And rich with that fam'd Science *Rome* beſt taught,
Whoſe ready Pencil (if thy Fancy trace
The future Glories of ſome riſing Place,)
Obedient to thy Will marks out each Grace,
And juſt Proportion, from the Jutting Baſe
Of the rough *Tuſcan* riſing from the Ground,
Up to that Height by th' fair *Corinthian* crown'd.
Directs the Beauty of each proper Part,
And ſpreads Embelliſhments with ſo much Art,
That were her long-fam'd Artiſts call'd to Life,
They'd willing yield the Palm; for vain the Strife

With

With ſuch ſuperiour Exc'llence to contend,
Which Pen can't flatter, nor Experience mend.

A Be this thy favourite Care; for *Ida*'s Grove,
Tho' oft frequented by the Queen of Love,
Where blooming brisk Divinities were ſeen
To ſport and revel on the flow'ry Green;
Yet ne'er could juſtly boaſt ſo bright a Train,
As this fair riſing Structure ſhall contain.
Here, let the twiſting Foliage curious Wreath,
There, let the well form'd Statue ſeem to breath,
Let Painting here it's wonderous Power expreſs,
And every Piece ſome Maſter-Stroaks confeſs,
Whether the Fabl'd Nymphs of Old they trace,
Or living *Flavia*'s much ſuperiour Grace,
The Muſes here, the Graces there diſplay'd,
Sporting 'neath lofty *Pindus*'s cooling Shade
Will well adorn the gay delightful Scene
Where fairer, living Beauties ſhall be ſeen.
Let Rival Arts adorn the grand Deſign
And through each Part the great Director ſhine;
So future Ages ſhall encreaſe thy Fame,
And Poets now unborn record thy honour'd Name.

*The*

## *The Fable of the* WOLF *and* CRANE *applied.*

A Rav'nous Wolf, ſo *ÆSOP* taught,
In Queſt of Prey was well nigh choak'd,
When Chance directs a ſilly Crane
To note his Howling, mark his Pain,
In pit'ous Terms he asks her Aid,
She yields, nor fears to be betray'd,
Streight thruſts her Neck between his Jaws,
And thereby does her Life expoſe;
And tho' the Service did deſerve
Kind Treatment, did his Life preſerve,
Now he from Danger finds his Throat,
The Obligation is forgot;
His Baſeneſs with his Eaſe returns,
Impatient He for Blood ſtill burns;
Reſolv'd the Appetite to feed,
He makes his late Deliv'rer bleed;
With eager Guſt devours her Blood,
And o'er the mangled Carcaſe ſtood
Unmov'd, with a malicious Grin,
Nor thought it Cruelty or Sin.

The Fable well deſerves your Heed,
Leſt you too, like the Crane ſhou'd bleed;
Forgotten Service plead in vain,
To move his Pity or his Shame,
For after all your Drudg'ry paſt
To gratify his cruel Taſte,
'Tis Ten to One but you deplore,
What you've ſeen others do before.

---

## *An* ALLUSION.

WHEN *Sancho*, by's Maſter's and Fortune's good Grace,
Was rais'd to Promotion, and ſtood in high Place;
Grown giddy with Power, he alter'd ſo ſoon,
That his Friends and Acquaintance no longer were known.
From Congees and Scrapes he quickly look'd great,
Spoke grave in wiſe Sentences, patch'd up his State,
Talk'd of great Alterations, new moulding the Laws,
And a thouſand ſtrange Projects did gravely propoſe;

When lo the ſad Change! that Time brings about!
Now his Schemes are all ripe, poor *Sancho*'s turn'd
out;
All his nice fine-wrought Policy uſeleſs is found,
And his full-blown Contrivances drop to the Ground
The whimſical Viſion he now finds but Air,
And his Maſter and Aſs muſt henceforth be his Care
Yet well for poor *Sancho* if the worſt was but paſt,
But by having of this curſed Pow'r a Taſte,
His Mind's ſo debauch'd by his once being great,
By the Charms of Attendance, and Grandeur of State
That he thinks it moſt grievous again to deſcend
To his Bus'neſs, his Spouſe, and *Dapple* his Friend:
And never thenceforward ſo well acts his Part,
As he did before Government lift up his Heart.
And from that Day to this Day the Frolick's gone
round,
For *Sancho's* in moſt Places ſometimes are found.

## *An* ODE *to the* NIGHT.

HAIL thou great Goddeſs from whoſe Sway
All real Pleaſures flow,
What Glories does thy Power diſplay,
What Bliſs to Thee we owe,
Warmeſt Imagination ſcarce can raiſe
Her airy Flight to contemplate thy Praiſe.
Whether ſurpriz'd we view thy awful Scene
Of out-ſtretch'd Darkneſs, there thy Power is ſeen;
Or all thy bright Attendants of the Skie
In orderly Array glitt'ring on High;
Loſt in pleas'd Amaze,
Silently we gaze,
For Words expreſſive can't be found,
Nor is it in the Power of Sound
To tell the mighty Charms with which thou'rt crown'd.

To Thee the fearful trembling Maid
Her chiefeſt Pleaſure owes,
Nor fearing now to be betray'd,
The leaſt Reluctance ſhows;

Whilſt Thou propitious doeſt thoſe Joys conceal,
Which glaring envious Day-light wou'd reveal;
Hides the warm Bluſhes which the flutt'ring Heart
Amidſt the Tranſport ſpreads o'er every Part,
Stretches thy ample ſable Veil about,
Nor leaves a Space for Fear, a Cauſe for Doubt;
But improves the Joy,
Day-light wou'd deſtroy,
Whilſt in gentle Murmurs ſighing,
Equally alike complying,
Bliſs we prove that's only worth enjoying.

When the all-ſearching Sun gives Way,
Veiling his Beamy Light,
And to thy Sable yields the Day,
Thou Source of all Delight;
Then Wit and Mirth aſſume their proper Place,
And ſmiling Pleaſure dawns on every Face,
Whilſt the crown'd Table aids the great Deſign,
What Need have we for *Phebus* then to ſhine.
No; let all Day-light and all ſaucy Care
Be quite ſhut out, nor find Admittance there.

We want no ſuch Spy,
As the Light on High,
Tapers leſs will ſerve our Turn;
Or if they don't ſo clearly burn,
What's Day-light good for but to make us mourn.

It ſhews us Folly, Vice, and Fraud,
Triumphant in high Place;
And Vertue bent beneath the Load
Of Want and of Diſgrace:
But Thou to the moſt Wretched e'en a Friend,
Thy kind Aſſiſtance not diſdains to lend,
Oft gives to Miſery a ſweet Repaſt,
Alleviates our Woe by ſome kind Taſte
Perchance of Pleaſure, but howe'er of Reſt;
And frees from racking Thoughts the tortur'd Breaſt.
Yielding equal Eaſe,
Dreams as like to pleaſe,
As in richeſt Beds are found,
Lull'd by Muſick's powerful Sound,
With all the glitt'ring Pomp of Pride around.

Soft

Soft ſacred Silence Thou beſtows,
Sweet Contemplations, Friend;
Thoſe Follies hides which oft employs
Our Minds, too apt to tend
To th' Avocations of each 'luring Bait,
Heedleſs to make Diſcovery of the Cheat.
In Thee unarm'd all dang'rous Pleaſures lye,
And the freed Soul may wing her Flight on High,
Taſte all the Sweets that do from Knowledge riſe,
And contemplate at Eaſe her native Skies.
All the Wonders trace
Through the Extent of Space,
All th' innumerable Train
Which Air or Sea contain,
Or in the ſpacious Womb of Earth remain.

Travel with Eaſe through Ages paſt,
And view the mighty Change
Of Potent Kingdoms now laid waſte,
And o'er the Ruins range
Of States and Empires, whoſe once envy'd Height
Threaten'd Deſtruction to each Neighbour-State;

Aided

Aided by Thee we ſtretch the mighty Scene
To view, of all that ever yet has been
The Prize of Conteſt or in Arts or Arms,
To Inſtant now from *Helen*'s fatal Charms,
Which the World alarm'd,
And the *Grecians* arm'd,
Eager to avenge the Crime
Of one on all the Line
Of *Priam*, and with hoſtile Fires made *Troy* to ſhine.

But ſoon as buſy Day appears,
Our Cares return again;
A thouſand Doubts, Wants, Hopes, and Fears,
Croud in and fill the Scene.
Whilſt equal Toil we differently purſue,
And each returning Morn are wak'd to new.
If we our Minds on Profit, Pleaſure bend,
Still Vanity is found to crown the End;
Vexatious Diſappointments ſpoil our Reſt,
Or inſufficient Pleaſures at the beſt
Shew all Things to be
Source of Sorrow, Vanity,

Nor

Not worth half the Toil we bear,
Nor worth any of that Fear,
Leſt we ſhou'd loſe what we have bought ſo dear.

O! Goddeſs worthy of all Praiſe,
Let Light her Toys diſplay;
Be Thou propitious to my Eaſe,
I'll envy none the Day:
But willing bear it's Toils, it's Pains, and Woes,
In glad Expectance of the ſweet Repoſe
Thy Influence yields, whether the troubl'd Breaſt
Thou eaſe in Slumbers and forgetful Reſt,
Or aid the ſearching Mind whilſt ſhe explore
The deep Receſſes and the hidden Store,
Lodg'd in ſecret Springs,
Which to View ſhe brings.
From Thee does every Comfort flow,
To Thee we every Bleſſing owe
Is worth poſſeſſing, or Life can beſtow.

# *The* PREGNANT MAID.

## *A* TALE.

WHILST loftier Writers ſwell each Page,
With Chiefs o' th' paſt or preſent Age,
Midſt dreadful Terrors ſweetly charm,
And ſtrongly paint the dire Alarm
Which the ſtern Goddeſs beſt delights,
In ravag'd Towns and bloody Fights;
Much humbler Matter I unfold,
Yet never truer Tale was told.
No Fiction dreſs'd in pleaſing Guiſe,
Which ſometimes Poets will deviſe;
Then once howe'er let Truth prevail,
In Favour of a homely Tale.

*Florella* skill'd in every Wile,
And little Trick, cou'd well beguile
All thoſe whoſe undeſigning Hearts,
Diſdain'd to act ſuch ſhuffling Parts;
Volupt'ous, lov'd to gratify
Her Taſte with any Luxury,

Wou'd guttle Sweet-meats, Tarts, and Tea,
Wine of all Sorts, and Ratifea,
Had apt Excuſes ſtill in Store,
To ſhift the Blame to another's Door.
Long unſuſpected drove this Trade,
Was reckon'd ſtill a modeſt Maid;
'Gainſt Miſbehaviour wou'd declaim,
And reden'd at the odious Name
Of Harlot, and with frantick Rage
Condemn'd the Vices of the Age;
Yet when the Mask was laid apart,
A very Libertine in Heart;
Held with thoſe People who inſiſt,
That Vice and Virtue both exiſt
In the loud Breath of vulgar Fame,
Nor have a Being but in Name:
With ſuch fit Principles well ſtor'd,
New Pleaſures muſt be now explor'd.
Love's Sweets her Mind had ſtrongly charm'd,
And into eager Wiſhes warm'd
Her riot Fancy, which diſdains
To bear dull Virtue's curbing Reins,

The brisk Alarm had fir'd her Blood,
And cou'd no longer be withſtood;
A Theft ſo ſweet as that of Love,
Why ſhou'd ſhe not reſolve to prove?
The fancy'd Charms to Rapture riſe,
Whilſt eager Tremblings ſwell her Eyes,
And fluſhing Blood ſpeaks her Surprize.
Thus urg'd, ſhe thought it very hard
To be by ſcrup'lous Fear debar'd,
Since preſent Joys ſhe's ſure to find,
The uncertain Shame was far behind.
How cou'd weak Virtue now mantain
Her Ground? whilſt Rebel-Paſſions reign,
And aggitate the hurry'd Soul
With fierce Deſires without Controul;
Each Senſe is charm'd with Joys ſo ſtrong,
She now repents ſhe ſtay'd ſo long;
Nor ſees ſhe ought is worth a Fear,
Whilſt nought but Raptures do appear.
But quick the tranſient Pleaſure flies,
Her Breaſt heaves with tumult'ous Sighs,
And riſing Tears o'erflow her Eyes,

Not Tears for Guilt, but Tears for Shame,
Tears out of Fear her blotted Name
Shou'd ſwell the Breath of evil Fame.
The quicken'd Load with which ſhe's charg'd,
Mature now, ſeeks to be enlarg'd;
The preſent Fear asks preſent Aid,
(For fain ſhe'd ſtill be thought a Maid)
When to the laſt Recourſe ſhe flies,
And thus a fabl'd Tale applies.

She'd heard how *Jove* one Time did pour
In *Danea*'s Lap a gold'n Show'r,
By which Deceit the Nymph betray'd
Became a Mother, tho' a Maid,
And boldly now makes that her Caſe,
Diſowns a Maſculine Embrace,
And prides herſelf of the new Line,
Since't muſt at leaſt be half divine.
Amazement round the Room is ſpread,
One ſmiles, another ſhakes her Head,
And ſeems the great Event to dread.
When lo! the Demy-God appears,
(To clear their Doubts, and eaſe their Fears)

But ſoon it's boaſted Race bely'd,
Nor ſeem'd to *Jove* at all ally'd;
No *Ichor* in it's Veins did run,
No Scent Celeſtial 'ſum'd the Room,
To make them think from Heav'n 'twas come,
Not the leaſt Lineament expreſs'd,
A God it's Mother had compreſs'd;
Nor cou'd the ſageſt Perſon trace,
A Hero or in Limbs or Face;
Nay, dulleſt Wedlocks, all agreed,
Had oft produc'd as good a Breed,
Not Miracle had done the Deed.
What can be done, now Heav'n denies
To abett the Mother's impious Lies;
Hell ſure will not it's Aid deny;
Howe'er ſhe is reſolv'd to try;
Remembers now an evil Hour,
When ſhe lay under Witchcraft's Pow'r,
By pois'nous Juices mix'd with Skill,
(Not thoſe which have the Pow'r to kill)
And if in Heav'n it had no Part,
It was produc'd by Helliſh Art.

Still

Still they perverſely all agreed,
It cou'd not be of that ſame Breed,
But that it came the common Way,
As others do 'moſt ev'ry Day.
Indeed, cry'd ſhe, a pretty Jeſt,
I certainly ſhou'd know the beſt;
And if you talk whilſt Ages laſt,
I'm clear of ev'ry Thing that's paſt.

Thus with uncommon Fortitude,
With ſuch ſcarce any is endow'd,
She's got the better of her Shame,
And thinks in Time ſhe may lay Claim,
If not to Virtue yet it's Name.

---

## *An* EPISTLE *to* CÆLIA.

BY Chance of late conducted to that Grove,
(Not Choice which oft has made me eager move)
Where pleas'd you'd ſit and hear me talk of Love.

The charming (tho' now unfrequented) Shade
Appear'd the ſame as when my Vows I paid,
E'er you had learn'd Deceit, or I had been betray'd.
The ſame kind Gloom was ſpread beneath the Trees,
The ſame refreſhing Love-inſpiring Breeze
Join'd it's ſlow Murmurs with the tuneful Throng
Of airy Warblers, and improv'd their Song.
Nothing ſeem'd chang'd, but whatſoe'er I view
Appear'd the ſame as when I thought you true.
When fondly I your Paſſion hop'd wou'd laſt,
Whilſt diſtant Years roll'd by, and Time was paſt.
Then to my Love you'd pleas'd Attention pay,
And curſe the Hours that flew ſo ſwift away.
Nay, own with what Impat'ence you did mourn
The tedious Day, how wiſh for Night's Return.
Willingly then you met the warm Embrace,
And flew to Rapture with a Lover's Pace.
Each little Action ſpoke Love's powerful Fires,
Nor ſcrupled you to own thoſe warm Deſires,
With which the wanton God ſoft Minds inſpires.
Such kindly, willing, melting Warmth confeſs'd,
Whilſt ſighing eagerly you oft have preſs'd,
And kindly ſtrain'd me to your panting Breaſt.

In

In every Action you appear'd ſo free,
So artleſs and devoid of Treachery;
I thought that *Venus* might a Votary boaſt
In you, were her ſoft Worſhip well nigh loſt.
But veering Winds we may as eas'ly find
Fix'd to a Point, as faithleſs Woman's Mind.
Vain of your Charms you think Men ſhou'd be Slaves
And Tyrant like each ſilly She behaves.
Rules as her giddy Paſſions ſway the Soul,
Will change from Love to Hate without Controul.
By Vows unaw'd, by Gratitude unmov'd,
You hate to Day what Yeſterday you lov'd,
And what before you did ſo dearly prize,
Now view with ſcornful or regardleſs Eyes.
Yet ſurely, faithleſs *Cælia*, whenſoe'er
This well-known, once lov'd Character appears;
Some ſtrong Emotions in your Breaſt ſhall riſe,
Glow on your Cheeks, and tremble in your Eyes.
Shame, guilty Shame ſhall all your Joys perplex,
Corrode your Happineſs, and hourly vex
With keen Reproaches all your future Peace,
Nor Reſpite know, nor whilſt Life laſts ſhall ceaſe.

From

From hence the avenging Fury dates your Pain,
Shakes her dread Whips, and you repent in vain.
For lo the Tell-Tale-Goddeſs babling Fame
Fills Hills and Groves; Hills, Groves, reſound your
Vengeance already has begun her Part, [Name.
And as you read, I know your aking Heart,
Confus'd, anticipates the threaten'd Woe,
Shrinks from the Trial, and th' impending Blow.

Have you forgot, when folded in my Arms,
You ſummon'd all your Store of ſoft'ning Charms,
And in ſome kind Reproaches told me more
Than I had ever Cauſe to hope before.
In broken Accents did your Fears confeſs,
That I ſhou'd e'er be falſe, or love you leſs.
What meant the Tenderneſs you then expreſs'd?
What means this Baſeneſs you did then deteſt?
Judge me, thou Queen of Love, and 'venge the Crime,
If to Deceit my Heart did e'er incline,
Nor ſpeaks my warm Reſentment without Cauſe,
The Violation of Love's ſacred Laws.

One Trophy I've preſerv'd with niceſt Care,
Gain'd from the willing-vanquiſh'd yielding Fair.
When you ſubdu'd, reſign'd up all your Charms,
And Soul-entranc'd lay melting in my Arms;
Witneſs thou conſcious Shade whoſe glooming Green
Shut out Diſcov'ry, and did kindly ſcreen
Our amorous Converſe, and thou ſilent Night,
Beſt Friend to Love and every ſoft Delight;
What mutual Raptures fir'd each other's Breaſt?
What mutual Languiſhments our Eyes expreſs'd?
Whilſt in each other ſo profuſely bleſs'd.
A little more and then Reproach ſhall ceaſe,
Subſide in cool Contempt, a State of Peace
Your Mind can never know, for tho' you mourn
Your Actions paſt, yet Peace ſhall ne'er return.
It's downy Charms no more ſhall lull to Reſt
The waking Tortures of your guilty Breaſt.
My Wrongs ſhall riſe, the ſhort-liv'd Bliſs deſtroy,
And daſh with ſharp Remorſe the flitting Joy;
Horribly rouze the never-dying Pain,
The ſelf-conſuming Torture join'd with Shame,
Which Penitence ſhall ſtrive t'aſſwage in vain.

Let the collected Images ariſe
Of all that ever paſs'd before your Eyes,
With all your Hate, if I've deſerv'd your Hate,
The num'rous Swarm diſtinctly ſeparate.
Severely juſt, the very worſt ſelect,
And if it ſpeak not Love, declare Reſpect;
Abſolve your ſelf, the Charge of Guilt retort,
Double your Scorn, and make my Plaint your Sport.
But ſure your Heart, for I to that appeal,
Muſt the ſame black Ingratitude reveal,
Unleſs Oblivion ſhadowing o'er your Woe,
Forbid the fleeting Images to flow,
For that's the happieſt State your Mind can know.
And ſure to call it ſo, is not to boaſt,
Since I for you my Peace of Mind have loſt.

More I wou'd ſay, but why ſhou'd I repeat
Things which you cannot poſſibly forget;
And tho' I ſcorn to inſult, yet O beware,
And henceforth act with the diſcreeteſt Care;
Urg'd by freſh Wrongs, I may change my Intent,
And you be taught ſeverely to repent,

## *A Specimen of the Plagues of* POVERTY

*If there's a Man on Earth I ought to hate,*
Dependance, *and* Attendance *be his Fate.*

COWLEY.

FROM *COWLEY*'s Pen in theſe Two Lin
there fell
More Truth, than e'er Old Oracle did tell,
Nor in the Liſt of Woes can there be found,
A Curſe that does more ſorely, ſurely, wound,
Endleſs his Pain, and numberleſs his Woes,
Whom Want does to the inſulting World expoſe,
Of every Bliſs which ſweetens Life depriv'd
He lives the Scorn and Jeſt of wealthy Pride.
E'en what ſhou'd ſcreen him, proves his greateſt Pa
And his oppreſſing Want they count his Shame.
What tho' he's ſtor'd with Merit might appeaſe
E'en Envy's Rage, and the fell Monſter pleaſe;
Yet ſtill he proves the Curſe of this Diſeaſe.
If his ſoft Suit he move with ſtudious Care,
And ſhine with every Grace ſhou'd charm the Fai

In melting Numbers tell his amorous Pain,
The mercenary Fair with cold Diſdain
Rejects his Plaint, ſhe ſcorns the faithful Flame,
And ſells herſelf for Wealth or for a Name;
Prefers the Sot whom humorous Fortune's Grace
Has plac'd aloft in ſome diſtinguiſh'd Place,
To Wit, to Truth, to Conſtancy, and Love,
And every Charm ſhe's deaf which ought to move,
Neglects his Worth, unmov'd with his Diſtreſs,
To ſhine in gaudy Equipage and Dreſs.
E'en moſt o' th' Sex by this Deſire controul'd,
Will ſacrifice their Happineſs to Gold.
Reſign that dear Delight which always flows
From Love ſincere, for Splendour, Pomp, and Noiſe.
Yet if theſe lovely Tyrants thus behave,
There's Pleaſure ſtill in being Beauty's Slave,
But O! the Curſe of Curſes is behind,
Lodg'd in that Treatment They are ſure to find
From Knaves, and Fools, and Brutes of their own
Kind.
That Raſcal Rout that judge of Men by Pounds,
And count as they encreaſe what Senſe abounds:

Nay,

Nay, every Vertue too muſt ſtand this Teſt,
And he that's richeſt ſhall be reckon'd beſt.
With theſe Men if you dare to look abroad,
And chance to deviate from the common Road;
If for the Entertainment of your Mind,
All your Endeavours uſe hid Truth to find,
Tho' for Improvement or Amuſement us'd,
With Them you'll find it hard to ſtand excus'd.
Their own dull Shame ſtreight fluſhes o'er each Face,
And in ſtrong Colours riſes their Diſgrace.
Envious They'll brand you, fully o'er your Name,
And ſtrive to leſſen what they can't attain.
Load you with Epithets baſe Natures uſe,
And inſtead of praiſing, barbarouſly abuſe.

So, for a Simile can ſcarce be found,
Within this ample World's capacious Round,
Satan, and ſure the Vice was copied thence,
Enrag'd at much ſuperiour Excellence,
With Envy fraught, this Trick did firſt deviſe,
And ſtrove to blacken Heaven with ſcurile Lies.

The

The real Wants of Life are eaſier born,
Much eaſier than the World's provoking Scorn.
For if ſome vacant happy Hour invite
To chearful Mirth, and innocent Delight,
And bids unbend the Mind, and chear the Soul
In gay Converſe, and taſte the ſprightly Bowl;
That Bliſs imbitter'd by this curs'd Diſeaſe,
Makes nauſeous, hateful, what was meant to pleaſe.
Whilſt in the gay Career and ſportive Round
Of jocund Mirth, when brisk Conceits abound,
And frolick Laughter claims to bear a Part
To bleſs the Night and chear the penſive Heart;
Some richer (therefore wiſer than the reſt)
With ſullen Scorn diſlikes the pleaſant Jeſt.
He proves, aſſerts, and then again denies,
And will in Spite of every Thing be wiſe.
He thinks his loaded Bags muſt bear him out,
And crown him Victor in the warm Diſpute.
And when oppos'd the cleareſt Truth 's deny'd,
(For ev'ry Thing muſt bow to wealthy Pride)

And to your Coſt you'll very likely find,
'Twere better far not to've declar'd your Mind,
But driv'n along, and ſail'd with the ſame Wind.
For if no plain direct Abuſe enſue,
There's odious Hints, and Gibes, and Scoffs enough,
To curb the raſh Preſumer who's ſo bold
To aim at Knowledge, if unbleſs'd with Gold.
Sad Woes are theſe, yet greater are in Store
To plague the Wretch, whoſe Crime is being poor:
Ev'n Induſtry employs her Toil in vain,
And his defrauded Hopes are baulk'd of Gain.
Whilſt *Adam*'s Curſe is doubled on his Head,
And all his Labour ſcarce affords him Bread.
This *Demon*, ſtill averſe, clogs each Deſign,
Ruins his Attempts, nor ſuffers him to climb
Above the drudging Level where he's thrown,
But with the curſed Load ſtill keeps him down.
For being Poor to ſome Men gives Pretence
To tax your Honeſty, revile your Senſe.
Thus plagu'd, where muſt He find Relief from Woes
The old Receipt called Patience, I ſuppoſe,
But too much Practice dulls the Remedy,
Not proves a Cure for the ſad Malady.

As richeſt Cordials by too frequent Uſe
Have no Effect, nor Health, nor Mirth produce.

Legions of Torments leave we now untold,
Which owe their Being to the Want of Gold.
But weary I the odious Task reſign,
No longer invocate the tuneful Nine,
To paint a Woe Themſelves too ſadly prove
In moſt Profeſſors of the Art they love.

---

## *The* DISCOVERY.

*FLORIO* to Books alone, not Buſineſs, bred,
An eaſy Life long Time obſcure had led,
Converſant only with the worthy Dead.
Had form'd his Manners from their virtuous Rules,
Free from the wretched Pedantry of Schools.
In Converſation chaſt, eaſy, and free,
To Honour ſtrict, but in Humanity
So practiſed, that He thought Himſelf moſt bleſs'd
To inſtruct the Ignorant, ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd.

Humble 'midſt Affluence, nor from Learning vain,
A Character which only Few maintain,
For Wealth and Knowledge oft are Virtue's Bane.

Reluctant drawn from his belov'd Retreat
To mix in Converſation with the Great,
Unskill'd in the gay ſuperficial Arts
Of flutt'ring Beauties, and the Tinſel Parts
Of Men of Mode, the gay Buffoons he ſees
With ſecret Shame, their Airs and Mimickries
Preſent a motley Scene ſo new and ſtrange,
He ſmiles, yet inward mourns the monſt'rous Change,
Which Virtue, Manners, Modeſty have paſs'd,
Or that the mean Deluſion e'er ſhou'd laſt.
Ten thouſand Graces in the Fair he ſees,
Ten thouſand thouſand more Deformities.
All or like *Hebe*, *Juno*, *Pallas* ſhine,
Their Bloom, their Meins, their Features as divine.
Whether like *Dian*'s Nymphs they form the Dreſs,
Or ampler Robes their gay Conceits expreſs,
Or the looſe Veſture and the eaſy Air,
Of the *Idalian* Queen adorn the Fair.

The varied Dreſs new Beauties does diſcloſe,
From every Change a brighter Radiance flows,
And every Shape the Power of Beauty ſhows.
New was the Sight, and pleaſing was the Scene,
But vaniſh'd quickly as a Morning's Dream.
Experience ſhew'd Him Folly, Pride, and Noiſe,
And Affectation every She employs.
With a good Grace *Selina* rail'd at Vice
In Publick, and in Forms was wond'rous nice,
Cry'd Shame on *Cynthia* in a barb'rous Tone,
Tho' ſhe well knew, ſhe'd Failings of her own
Of deeper Dye, were they as fully known.
That 'Spite of Silence and the Midnight Shade,
Some Foe to Beauty had Diſcovery made,
That all her nice Pretenſions were but Art,
She was a very Woman in her Heart,
And had enjoy'd of Love an ample Part.

Pert *Florimel* declares for being gay,
Regardleſs what the cens'ring World may ſay;
But to ſuch ſtrange Extravagance does riſe,
Her Charms he praiſes, damns her wand'ring Eyes,

*Arpaſia* of her Birth and Fortune proud,
Like *Juno* moves with haughty Air, talks loud,
And whilſt with Equals or Superiours free,
The leaſt remov'd in Wealth and Dignity,
That dares addreſs her meets with in Return
A ſullen Pride and an ill-manner'd Scorn.
Thus to his great Surprize he quickly found
But Few that cou'd with juſt Applauſe be crown'd.

Diſguſted at the Foibles of the Fair,
The Proud, the Sullen, and the Debonair;
He leaves them to their own Impertinence,
And hopes howe'er among'ſt the Men for Senſe.
Yet all their Converſation he ſoon found
Conſiſted only in a tedious Round
Of baſe Detraction, or what's worſe, Self-Praiſe,
And all thoſe many thouſand artful Ways,
Each boaſts to have ingeniouſly found out,
To drive the tedious Hours of Life about.
Horſes, and Hounds, and Whores, and charming
Dice,
Are Things that well deſerve the greateſt Price.

Intrigues

Intrigues, and Dancing, and a curious Dreſs,
Do great Vivacity and Fire expreſs,
Says *Clodio*, nor ought He breathe vital Air
Who doats on any Thing except the Fair.
To Them each Moment we ſhou'd all devote,
Tho' 'tis well known his own embroider'd Coat,
With all the gay Adornments of his Pride,
Wo'nt ſuffer that his Thoughts ſhou'd e'er divide
From what if he were wiſe he'd chooſe to hide.

So churliſh *Franio* in Opinion's grown,
He damns all Sentiments except his own.
Tenacious of whate'er he has imbib'd,
He ſcorns to be convinc'd, or change his Side;
Nay, tho' Conviction ſtare him full i'th' Face,
He can confront her with a manly Grace;
Or elſe her Charms with poor Evaſions hide,
Her plain Attire and ſimple Mein deride.

Some all Religions like, ſome value none,
Whilſt Others think no Way except their own
Can lead them ſafely to thoſe bleſs'd Abodes
Of pious Worthies, and immortal Gods.

Opinions which he knew not yet were found,
He ſees with Sorrow plenteouſly abound.
And Vice appear in ſuch a ſplendid Dreſs
As did a ſtrange Degeneracy confeſs.
Yet whatſoe'er thoſe daring Sparks may boaſt,
They will ſeverely find it to their Coſt,
When once Religion's ſcorn'd, Morals are loſt;
That beſt Foundation whene'er ta'en away,
The tottering Superſtructure muſt decay.

Loath'd with the nauſeous Scene already paſt,
To his belov'd Retreat he flies with Haſte,
Impatient whilſt he reach the diſtant Plains,
And all his former Happineſs regains.
The ſhady Woods he ſees with longing Eyes,
And the ſmooth Hills now beautifully riſe;
A purer *Ether* ſpreads itſelf around,
And every Object with Delight is crown'd.
Here ſafe from Harms, he ſees the bounteous Hand
Of Heav'n ſtretch'd out in Plenty o'er the Land.
Here no Divines with artful learn'd Diſguiſe
Delude their honeſt Flocks with holy Lies;

But chearful teach their Great Creator's Will,
And pious Principles with Zeal inſtill.
No Contradictions chooſe They to advance,
But live in happy, peaceful Ignorance
Of what the Learn'd with ſo much Pains diſpute,
And ſtrive to clear whilſt all becomes a Doubt.

Arriv'd he thus pours out a pious Pray'r.
Great Author of my Being, to whoſe Care,
And watchful Providence I all do owe,
Thou who do'ſt Life, and Health, and Peace beſtow,
Give me the Bleſſings of theſe Fields to 'njoy,
Here the Remainder of my Life employ,
In ſweet Contentment, wear away my Days,
Free from the Vices which the Town diſplays,
Obedient to thy Will, and juſt in all my Ways.

## *The* CONVERSATION.

SIX the appointed Hour is come,
Bright ſhine the Candles in the Room;
From Heat intenſe the ſpreading Rays
Around the ſpacious Table plays;
The ſpacious Table's ample Round
With Bottles, Glaſſes, Pipes is crown'd.
About the Liquor's quickly paſs'd,
And chearful Jokes go round as faſt.
Each ſtrives to furniſh out his Share,
And to divert is all our Care.
The merry Tale and Repartee
From ill Deſign and Strife is free;
For to a Man we ſcorn to boaſt,
We laugh at one another's Coſt.
To no indecent Heats betray'd,
The free Diſpute is friendly made.
Healths are promoted but to ſhew
What great Reſpect to Virtue's due.
For ſure thoſe Men deſerve a Share
Of all Men's Praiſe, who make the Care

Of publick Weal their only Aim,
And ſcorn to ſtoop to other Fame.
Sometimes to private Life deſcend,
And toaſt an honeſt chearful Friend.
To Friendſhip a Libation taſte,
And talk of worthy Actions paſt,
With Pleaſure each Man's Worth commend,
The gay Companion or the Friend;
Sometimes more briskly ſpend an Hour,
And all reſign to Muſick's Pow'r;
In ſoft'ning Strains commend the Fair,
Or ſtronger Notes deſcribe the War;
Of Battle ſing the glorious Harms,
Or Conqueſt gain'd by *Cælia*'s Charms.
Still all We do to Profit tends,
And ev'ry Night in Pleaſure ends.

---

## *The* PARALLEL.

WHILST *Daphne* midſt her lowing Kine
The Taſk of Life purſues,
She does like *Eve* in *Eden* ſhine,
And Paradiſe renews.

Modeſt amidſt the Rural Praiſe,
Which every One beſtows,
She no Indecency betrays,
Nor Affectation ſhows.

For Her the Neighb'ring Youths all burn,
To Her their Vows They pay,
Uneaſy at the Night's Return,
Impatient for the Day.

Her Charms with Rapture are extol'd,
Each Swain her Pow'r diſplays,
The am'rous Young, the frozen Old,
All dwell upon her Praiſe.

But *Phœbe*, who this Town has ſeen,
And has *Caſſandra* read,
The idle Tale, the gaudy Scene,
Has ſo poſſeſs'd her Head,

She thinks of nought but Fringe and Lace,
Nor talks of Ought but Knights,
To nothing elſe her Mind gives Place,
She even dreams at Nights.

In Song she raves, in Verse she sighs,
In Metaphor complains,
Yet not one doating *Strephon* flies
To sooth the raging Pains.

Like These two many more are seen,
Whom diff'rent Tempers sway,
Whilst equal Charms, Youth, Air, and Mein,
They variously display.

Amidst the amorous gaudy Train
Which wait around the Fair,
Some ne'er can kindle up a Flame
With the most artful Care.

Like *Daphne* does *Cleora* move,
Tho' in a higher Sphere,
On whom attends the God of Love,
Whene'er she does appear.

A thousand Graces 'round Her shine,
Whilst silently all gaze,
Aw'd by a Beauty so divine,
When she her Charms displays;

All Hearts with Adoration warm,
Breathe nought but ardent Vows,
Nor hope, nor ſeek another Charm,
Or Ought but her purſues.

The modiſh Dreſs, the Jaintie Air,
Like *Phœbe*, *Sylvia* tries,
Yet proves She nought but ſad Deſpair,
And Impotence of Eyes.

Cocquets and Prudes with ſilly Airs
A trifling Life may ſpend,
In idle Gayety and Pray'rs,
Yet ne'er attain their End.

Alike deſpis'd They loſe their Aim,
A Paſſion to create;
Love ne'er will lend his ſacred Flame
To bleſs the Nuptial State.

# ON DETRACTION, PRIDE, *and* PASSION.

AS Man by Nature is aptly fitted for Society, both as to the Neceſſity he lyes under of Receiving good Offices, and with Regard to the Capacity He is endowed with of Returning them; ſo whatever tends to the Regulation of thoſe Abilities and Powers, either to reſtrain from Actions criminal or improper, or to excite to Virtue, however imperfectly executed it may be, yet the Deſign, in ſome Meaſure, even to the moſt ill-natured, ought to be allowed as a Juſtification for the Attempt.

Happy are They whoſe Minds have been early ſeaſon'd with a Love of Virtue, who have imbib'd ſuch Principles as make Them ſcorn the Practice

Practice of any of thoſe Vices with which the World abounds.

From the innumerable Store I ſhall ſelect Three, which, tho' they are not rank'd amongſt Vices of the firſt Rate, are productive of ſo many Evils, to the Scandal of Chriſtianity, and the Outrage of Humanity, as in a great Meaſure to invert the Order and Deſign of the All-wiſe Creator of all Things, by making thoſe excellent Faculties with which they are endowed, for the mutual Support of each other, an Occaſion of Offence to their Fellow-Creatures, and a Seal of Deſtruction to Themſelves.

I ſhall begin with DETRACTION, which is a Vice of ſuch a Nature, that ſhou'd I inveigh againſt it with the greateſt Warmth, I have the Authority and Practice of the very Wiſeeſt of the Sons of Men to juſtifie me in it, for He hath told us, that *He who hideth Hatred with lying Lips, and He that uttereth Slander is a Fool.*

Excel-

Excellently well hath He deſcrib'd the guilty Perſon in this ſhort Sentence; for what can be a greater Mark of Folly, than to be the Authors of our own Unhappineſs? Which, that the *Slanderer* is, will plainly appear, if we trace Him through the dirty Path to which this Vice leads Him; for no Man guilty of it can be *Religiouſly* or *Morally honeſt*.

*Religiouſly honeſt* He cannot be, for it is a Breach of that Charity which drew down CHRIST from Heaven to teach it upon Earth, and lead Him to the Croſs, there, by the Example of his Death, more ſenſibly to enforce and recommend it to our Imitation. Of what Importance the Practice of this Kind of Charity is to us, muſt be obvious to every One who will but conſider the Excellency of the Reward annexed to it, even *Fulneſs of Joy*, the *inexpreſſible Delights of a bleſſed Eternity*; and to the Breach of it, the *fiery Indignation of an Omnipotent GOD*.

*Morally honeſt* it is impoſſible they ſhou'd be, for their Practice directly claſhes with that great Fundamental Principle of all Morality, that of *Doing to Others what we wou'd they ſhou'd do unto us*; for no Man ſure was ever ſo abandon'd to Shame, and ſo harden'd in Impiety, as calmly to bear the private Rebukes of his own Conſcience, much leſs can any Perſon the publick Calumny of a ſlanderous Report: So that the *Slanderer* acts in wilful Contradiction to the Precepts of Religion; nor can he reconcile his Practice to any the moſt new-fangled Scheme of Morality yet extant: But this, tho' of the utmoſt Conſequence, is not the only Inconvenience this Vice is attended with; and tho' a Puniſhment in Reverſion may as little deter ſome People from Vice, as the diſtant Hopes of a Reward allure them to Virtue, yet here ſhall they find ſuch a Train of preſent Inconveniencies, that wou'd they but a Moment conſider, they muſt of Neceſſity aſſent to the Opinion of the Wiſe Man, and own, that *He who hideth Hatred with lying Lips*, and *He that uttereth Slander, is a Fool*.

For

For as by our Natures we are fitted for Society, the Enjoyment of it muſt be very delightful to us, but He that is guilty of *Detraction* diſqualifies Himſelf for that Pleaſure, and lives the Scorn and Contempt of All that are good and virtuous; hated, and deſpiſed, He drags on an infamous Life, and is ſhun'd like the Peſtilence that rageth at Noon-day.

And to ſhew plainly, that the *Lier* is prompted to his Vice by a premeditated Deſign of doing Ill to his Fellow-Creatures, He cannot, with the Libertine, ſay, It is his ſportive Temper that leads Him to the Criminal Gayties He too often practiſes; nor with the paſſionate Perſon, lay the Blame on his Conſtitution: His Vice proceeds from a Meanneſs of Spirit, and Ill-will to Mankind.

If to communicate, inform, and ſet right Thoſe that are out of the Way, be a Duty incumbent on Us all, how muſt that Man appear to the World, that advanceth Error by Lies, and calumniates the Innocent and Undeſigning?

If We consider the Consequence of this Practice, We shall find it as prejudicial as any Vice: How many People's Characters have been blacken'd by false Reports, to the entire Loss of their Reputations and Fortunes? And, what Recompence, I wonder, can these Destroyers of their Peace and Happiness ever make Them? Nay, the Prejudice may be so great, occasioned by Them, that it may never be in their Power (tho' They shou'd repent Them of it) to make Reparation: For as SHAKESPEAR excellently observes,

*Who takes my Purse, steal Trash,*
*'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to Thousands;*
*But He who filches from Me my good Name,*
*Robs Me of that which not enriches Him,*
*But makes Me poor indeed.*

If We consider Them as Companions, what can arise from their Conversation but Uneasiness and Distrust? That open, honest Plainness, and Simplicity of Manners, which is so great a Part in the

the Character of a good Perſon, is never to be expected from the Perſon guilty of this Vice; for to quench his inſatiable Thirſt of Miſchief, the moſt ſpotleſs Reputation will not ſuffice; nor is He ever ſo well pleaſed, as when the Marks of his Triumph are barbarouſly imprinted on thoſe Perſons whoſe Integrity of Life and Chaſtity of Manners are a continual Reproach to his Own.

Happy wou'd it be for the World, and happy wou'd it be for the People guilty of this Vice, if They wou'd at laſt be wiſe, and ſubſtitute in the Room of it a generous Pity, and a benevolent Temper to the Unfortunate, Unhappy of all Ranks and Degrees: By the Exerciſing of this Humanity towards our Fellow-Creatures, We ſhall entitle Ourſelves to the Favour of that GOD, who is Charity Itſelf, therefore muſt be pleaſed with any Degree of it in us, and who both can and will reward all Thoſe who have loved their Neighbours as Themſelves.

The next Thing to be treated of is PRIDE; which, if We attend to the Opinion of the Wise Man, ought as much to be shun'd and dreaded as *Detraction*; for He says positively, that *Pride goeth before Destruction, and a haughty Mind before a Fall.*

One wou'd think it impossible, that this Evil Spirit shou'd ever lodge in the Breast of any considerate Man, for who that takes an impartial Survey of Himself, but finds Imperfections more than will over-ballance any accidental Advantage of Parts, Birth, or Fortune, and yet the Possession of any of those Three, tho' perhaps they contributed no more to the Attainment of them than They did to their own Beings, shall so puff up the Heart of the *Proud Man*, that He looks with Scorn and Contempt on all Those He imagines beneath Him; and, as if it were not enough that Providence has been so profusely liberal to Him, the *Proud Man* never enjoys it's Affluence with so good a Relish as when he can display any of his Advan-

Advantages in Oppoſition to the low Eſtate, and perhaps indigent Circumſtances of Thoſe beneath Him. Fooliſh Pleaſure! Barbarous Triumph! thus to inſult over what deſerves, nay, is lawfully intitled to, his Commiſeration and Aſſiſtance.

And as moſt Vices carry along with them their own Puniſhment, ſo the *Proud Man* is the greateſt Enemy to Himſelf; for, by his Behaviour He debars Himſelf of that Reſpect He ſo much covets; and inſtead of that Deference He thinks his Due from All, He leads the moſt uneaſy Life of any Creature, diſregarded by his Superiours, deſpiſed by his Equals, and hated by his Inferiours; and if ſome ſudden or extraordinary Calamity overtake Him, He finds Himſelf deſtitute of that common Pity which the World pays as a juſt Tribute to the Misfortunes of any of its innocent Members. What an Uneaſineſs muſt it be to Him, to live under perpetual Diſappointments? for his Satisfaction of Life depends ſo much upon the Actions of Others, that He is ſeldom or never at Eaſe; nay, inſtead of Eaſe, He finds, for the moſt part, the

the ſevereſt Torture: And juſt it is it ſhould be ſo; for, ſince the whole Pleaſure of his Life is center'd in Himſelf, (as it is in every *Proud Man*) it wou'd be a Kind of Injuſtice to the World, that He ſhou'd receive Any from the Actions of Others: Which Conſideration is enough to aſſure us of the Truth of the Aſſertion, that *Pride goeth before Deſtruction, and a haughty Mind before a Fall*; for the *Proud Man*, in ſome Meaſure, cuts Himſelf off from the Society and Aſſiſtance of the World, by his ſupercilious Behaviour, and yet ſcarce Any of Them have Courage enough to reſiſt the adverſe Shocks of Fortune, but ſink, friendleſs, unaſſiſted, and unpitied, beneath the firſt Aſſault; whilſt the Man of a humble and beneficent Temper (tho' the Storms of Fate blow loud, and the Surges ſwell a Mountain Height) bears it like a *Man of Virtue and Spirit*, and may juſtly hope (from the Knowledge of his own Actions) for any Aſſiſtance the World can make Him. As this is a true State of the Caſe, whoever is deſirous of Reſpect, let Him lay aſide *Pride*; whoever thinks it a Duty incumbent on Him to be uſeful in Society,

ty, let Him ſhun *Pride*; whoever hopes to reap any Advantage from the Society of the World, in the mutual Exerciſe of good Actions, muſt avoid *Pride*; that Elation of Mind, which, by ſeemingly making Us greater than We are, effectually makes Us leſs. In a Word, whoever wou'd live like a Chriſtian, or a Rational Creature, muſt be very careful to ſhun that Peſt of Society, and Obſtruction of Charity, *Pride*.

And We ſhall find, if We attend a little longer, We have the ſame Reaſon to guard againſt PASSION; for, from the ſame Authority, We have Advice as preſſing, which ought to be of equal Force, and of as much Weight with Us to make Us as careful of avoiding the One as the Other; and He hath ſtrengthen'd His Advice with the moſt ſubſtantial Reaſon, for He ſays, *Make no Friendſhip with an Angry Man, and with a Furious Man Thou ſhalt not go; leſt Thou learn His Ways, and get a Snare for Thy Soul.*

Even

Even the Snares of *Death* oft-times ſurround the Ways of the *Paſſionate Man*, and the Tortures of *Hell* lay hold on His Soul; for the indulging of *Paſſion* betrays to a thouſand Dangers, and leaves Them quite defenceleſs againſt Any; for whoever entertains this ungovernable Fury, lodges in his Breaſt a Kind of *Wild-Fire* to His own, and every One's Diſquiet, that comes within the Compaſs of its Power; beſides, unconquerable Folly is it's inſeperable Companion, and a ſtupid Obſtinacy the Reſult of all His Reaſoning; for as to the Jaundiced Eye every Thing appears Yellow, and Objects are diſtinguiſh'd as the Diſtemper prevails on the Body, ſo in this Diſtemper of the Mind, which proceeds from the Weakneſs of it, it turns the wrong End of the Perſpective to us, confounds our Ideas, and ſubjects our Reaſon to its unruly Dominion.

*Sound Argument* and *Right Reaſoning*, that Cure of other Vices, does but more encreaſe This; for Contradiction, however true, however gently ap-

ply'd,

plied, is Poyſon to the Soul, and Daggers to the Body of the *Paſſionate Man*, and down at once go all the Barriers Religion or Reaſon may have provided, to ſtop its impetuous Force, and They are ſure to be loſt in the vaſt tempeſtuous Abyſs.

How unfit then is every ſuch Perſon for all the Social Virtues of Life? How unqualified for a Friend or Companion? From whence can that Conſolation and agreeable Converſe ariſe, which has Charms ſufficient to make Affliction ſit light, and add new Beauties to the greateſt Bleſſings of Life? Inſtead of any ſuch Advantages either to Himſelf or Others, He is never ſo much Maſter of Himſelf, as to make the beſt Advantage of the faireſt Gale of good Fortune; much leſs to bear, like a Man, the ſwelling Surges of an adverſe One, but, by always toſſing to and fro, He is always diſappointed of gaining the Point propoſed.

Nor can the diſagreeing Elements, when met, make greater Diſcord, or threaten more Confuſion, than when Two or Three of this Complexion are

engag'd in Controverſy, then is every Thing Wildneſs and Uproar, and the very End of their Beings, as ſociable Creatures, entirely loſt. Arrogant Behaviour, poſitive Judgment, and imperious Sentiments, are the mad Retinue which conſtantly attend on the *Paſſionate Man*, ready for Service on the leaſt Suſpicion, and officious in plunging Him into real Difficulties, under the Pretence of extricating Him out of imaginary Ones.

Whilſt He who poſſeſſes His Soul in a regular Tranquility, has the trueſt, beſt Enjoyment of Himſelf, and is always in ſuch a Situation, as enables Him to be agreeably ſerviceable to His Friend, Himſelf, or the Publick; but the greateſt Advantage ariſing to Him, from this Calmneſs of Temper, is, that it affords Him Leiſure duly to qualifie Himſelf for that happy State where no Inquietude ſhall be known, and where *Detraction*, *Pride*, and *Paſſion* ſhall find no Admittance.

BRITISH MUSEUM

F I N I S.